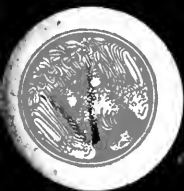


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In France He Sleeps



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DEDICATION

This little volume is published in memory of my son,

Corporal

PHIL W. PARKINSON

Headquarters Company, Thirteenth Field Artillery,

American Expeditionary Forces,

who died at

Chateau Thierry, July 31st, 1918

And is dedicated to all who have in any way participated in the great world war for freedom, whether in actual service, financial aid, or war work of any character.

May it bring a little comfort to those who have lost loved ones "over there," and cause those who have been more fortunate to pour out their sympathy in greater measure.

W. W. PARKINSON.



OUR SORROW AND OUR PRIDE

Though our hearts are aching sorely
For the boys who died o'er there;
Though we keep the tears from falling,
Fathers, Mothers, everywhere,
Know a sorrow everlasting,
Mingled with a glorious pride
In our sons who gave their life-blood,
And in Freedom's cause have died.

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MY SON.

France has claimed my son.

He lies in glory there, beneath her hallowed sod.
His race on earth is run;

He answered to the call of his country and his God.

England claimed my son.

In heartfelt agony stretched forth her hands and cried,
"Bring forth thy gun,

Thou son of Liberty! Protect thy pride!"

Italy claimed my son.

With numbers overwhelmed, and almost spent,
She called him—"Come,

And frightfulness the world has never seen, prevent."

Great Belgium claimed my son.

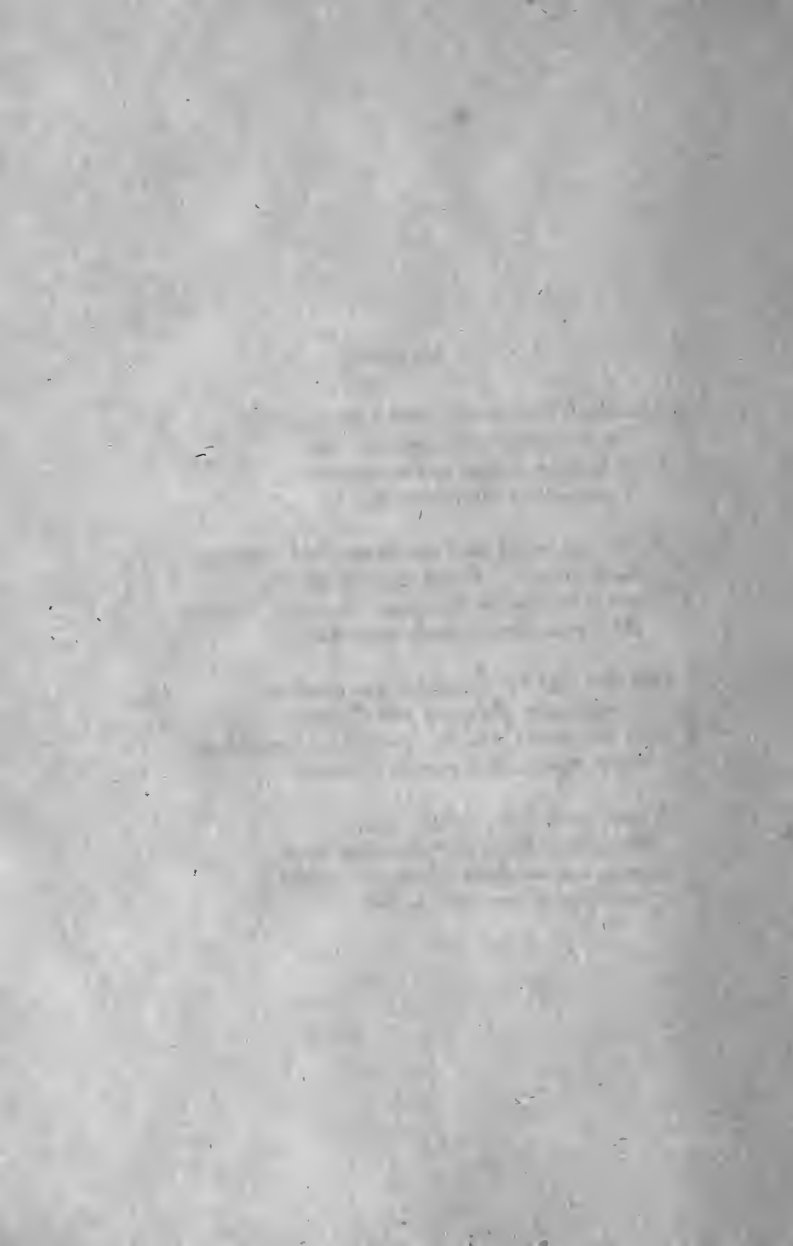
Her forces driven back almost into the sea,
Still faced the awful Hun;

Her courage never faltered in the fight for Liberty.

Humanity claimed my son.

With a smile upon his face and with courage in his breast,
His duty has been done;

Shall I regret that he has earned the long, long rest?



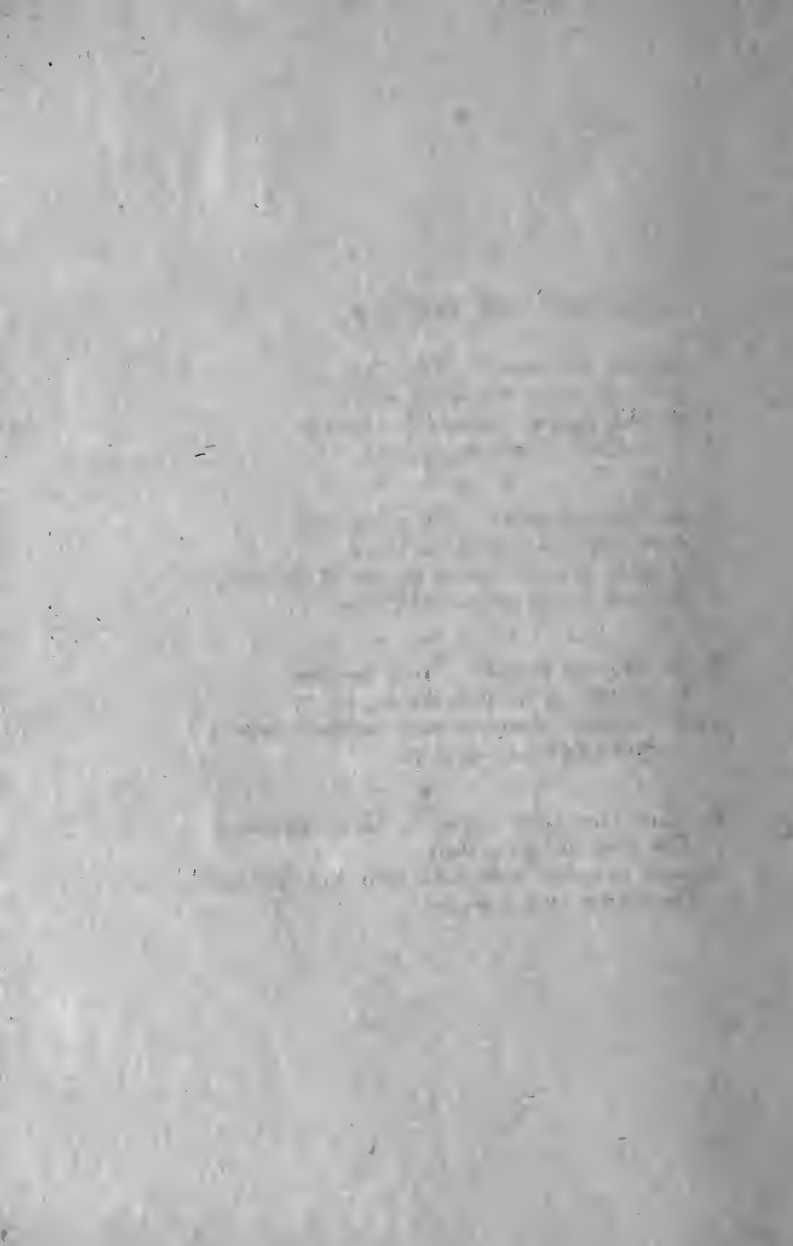
A VISION.

Though I find in my heart a deep sorrow
For the loved ones over the sea,
I am looking ahead to the morrow
To see what the future will be.

When our loved ones are homeward returning,
And the war's awful strife is all o'er,
There'll be joy at the home fires still burning,
And a mother at each open door.

Her son and her daughter are coming
From Italy, Belgium and France;
And the weeks and the months so benumbing
Seem now as but seen in a trance.

A new earth I see in my vision,
Redeemed from all tyrannous thrall.
Among nations there's now no division,
For God is the ruler of all.



AFTER THE BATTLE.

"Is the flag still there?" "It is, my son,
Still safe at the top of the mast;
Kept there by your loving valor, my boy"
(Oh, God! He is dying fast).

* * * *

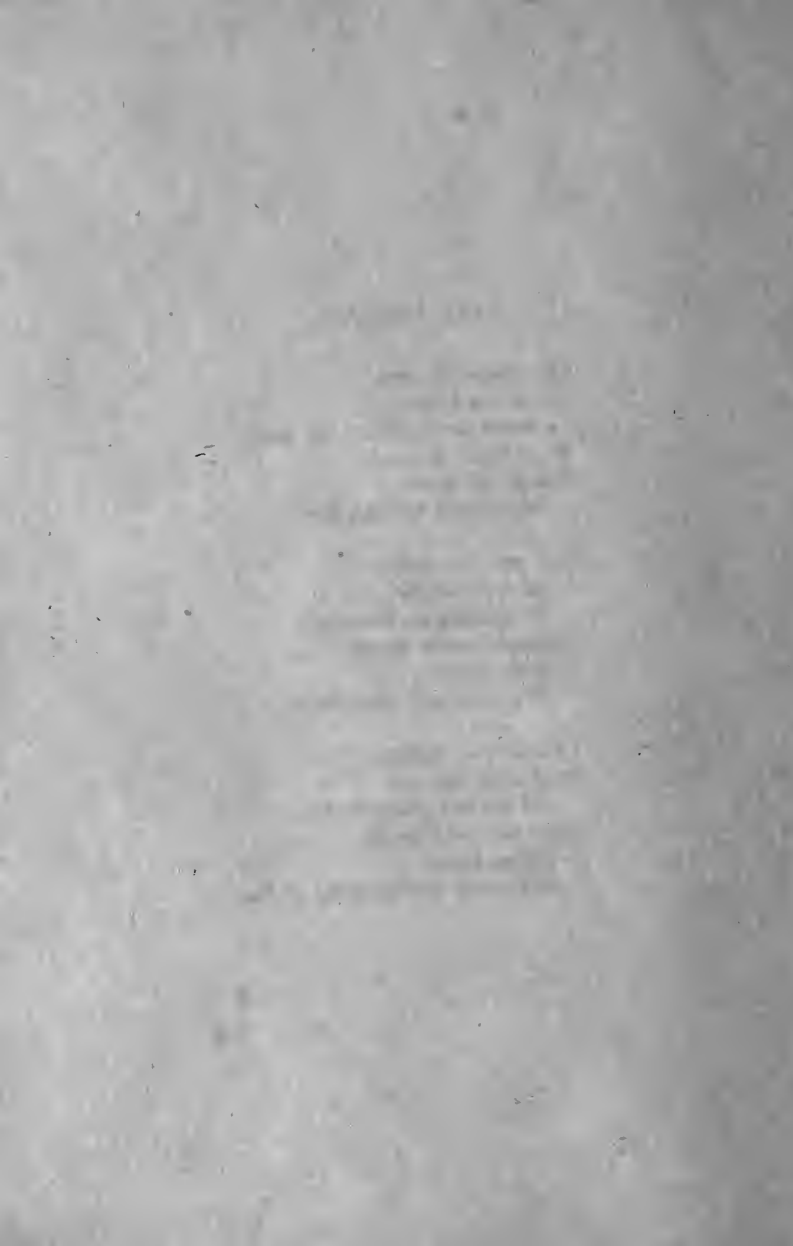
"Is the flag still there?" "It is, my son,
And long will continue to wave.
You made its place safe at the top of the mast,
By your action, gallant and brave."

* * * *

"Is the flag still there?" "It is, my son;
In Triumph it floats in the air,
And "Liberty" shouts as each passing breeze
Unfurls Old Glory up there."

* * * *

"Is—the—flag—still—there?" "It is, my son;
The glory of ages is there.
Around your dear body we'll wrap its bright folds,—
For a hero, utter a prayer."

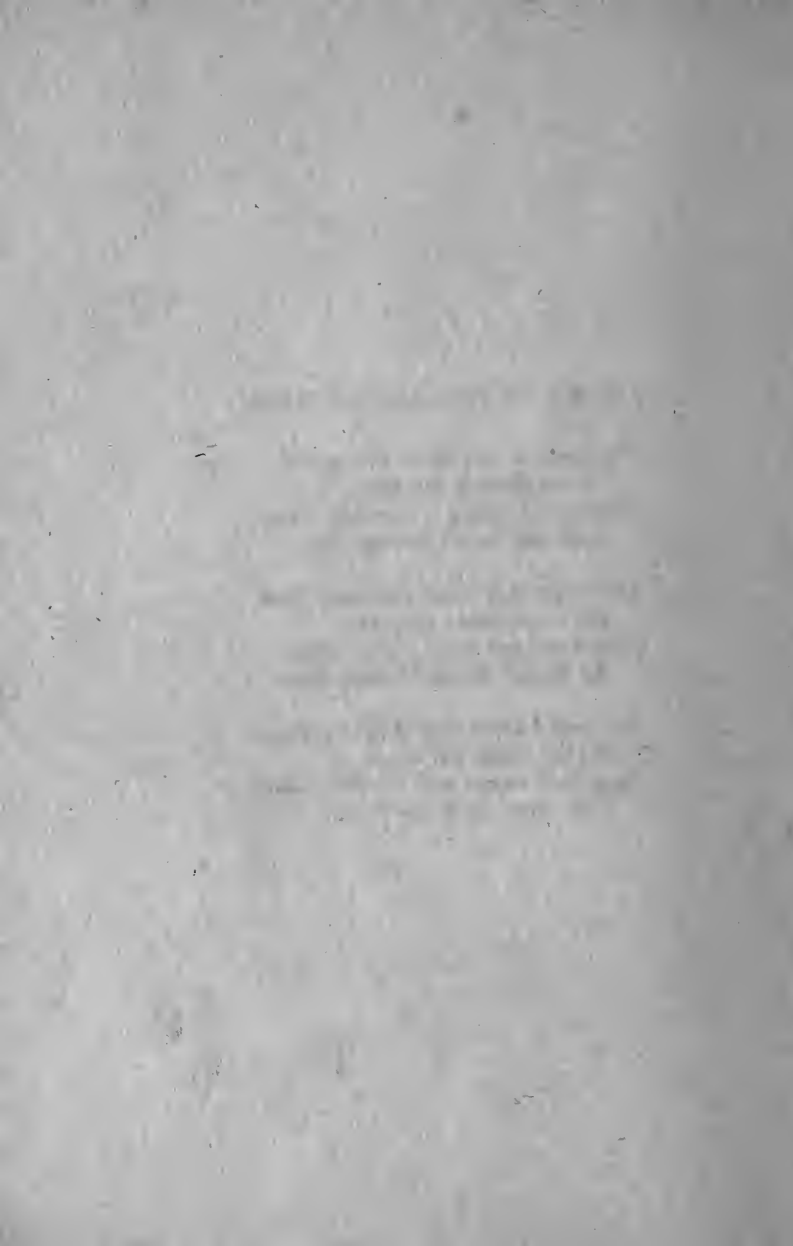


TO MY FRIEND.

Oh, friend of mine!
Around me twine
Sweet memories of the past.
War made us part,
But in my heart
My love is holding fast.

For me, you paid.
Your holy shade
Is standing by me now.
Though honors gleam,
In pain supreme
My tears will ever flow.

I loved you, friend,
And when the end
Of life has come to me,
Meet me, and grasp
In loving clasp
My hand stretched out to thee.



TO MY WIFE—AND YOURS.

To those of us who've lost a son
Or daughter in the strife,
The joy of peace is clouded, dear,
And will be all through life.

But when they come returning, dear,
Let's cast aside our care,
And welcome every one of them,
As though our child were there.

For well I know they'd have it thus,
If they could tell us so;
So in their names and for their sakes,
The sunny smile we'll show.

LOVE'S TEACHING.

Love is not dead in my bosom,
It does not give way to despair
By the death of my boy in beautiful France,
And the earth that covers him there.

Love is not dead in my bosom,—
It only grows stronger with pain
Caused by the death in beautiful France
Of my boy—I shall see him again

When love has grown ripe in my bosom,
When earth and its sorrows are fled;
For I'm taught by his death in beautiful France,
That only the living are dead.

SYMPATHY.

"My husband? Yes, he died in France,
Struck down by German hate.
Grief and joy mingle, for he saved
The world from Belgium's fate."

"My husband also served in France,
But he returned to me.
My joy and sorrow mingle still
In love and sympathy."

"My daughter? Yes, she died in France,
But pride has softened pain.
Her hospital was blown away
By a German bombing plane."

"My daughter also served in France,
But she's coming home again.
Yet my tears with your tears flow—
My joy is dimmed with pain."



MOTHER'S GLORY.

My son was a soldier—yea, two of them were;
But one of them came back to me.
When I think of the other, my eyes always blur,
For he lies in a grave o'er the sea.

The one who returned is mine—mine alone;
The one who lies buried o'er there,
Belongs to the world—It has claimed as its own.
My son, my baby, my Clare!

I am proud of my sons—my glory will be
To tell to the children to come,
The glory of him who lies over the sea,
And the praises of him who came home.



THE HERO DEAD.

Called Home, our hero dead!

Theirs is eternal rest.

The palace of our God their home,
His crown upon each head.

Can we forget that they have fought,

Upholding all that's fair?

That they have fought for righteous things
That Christ himself has taught?

Will He forget a loving soul,

Who fought for all things right?

I think they're safe at home with him—
Their names are on His roll.



THE CONQUEROR.

The day of peace has come, and yet
My son will ne'er return.
Can I rejoice while in my heart
The fires of hatred burn?

God grant that I may overcome;
That I may raise my voice,
And with my country and my friends
With all my heart rejoice.



A PRAYER.

Rejoice, O Earth, forevermore!
The day of peace has come!
Let us exult until the sound
Shall reach to Heaven's dome!

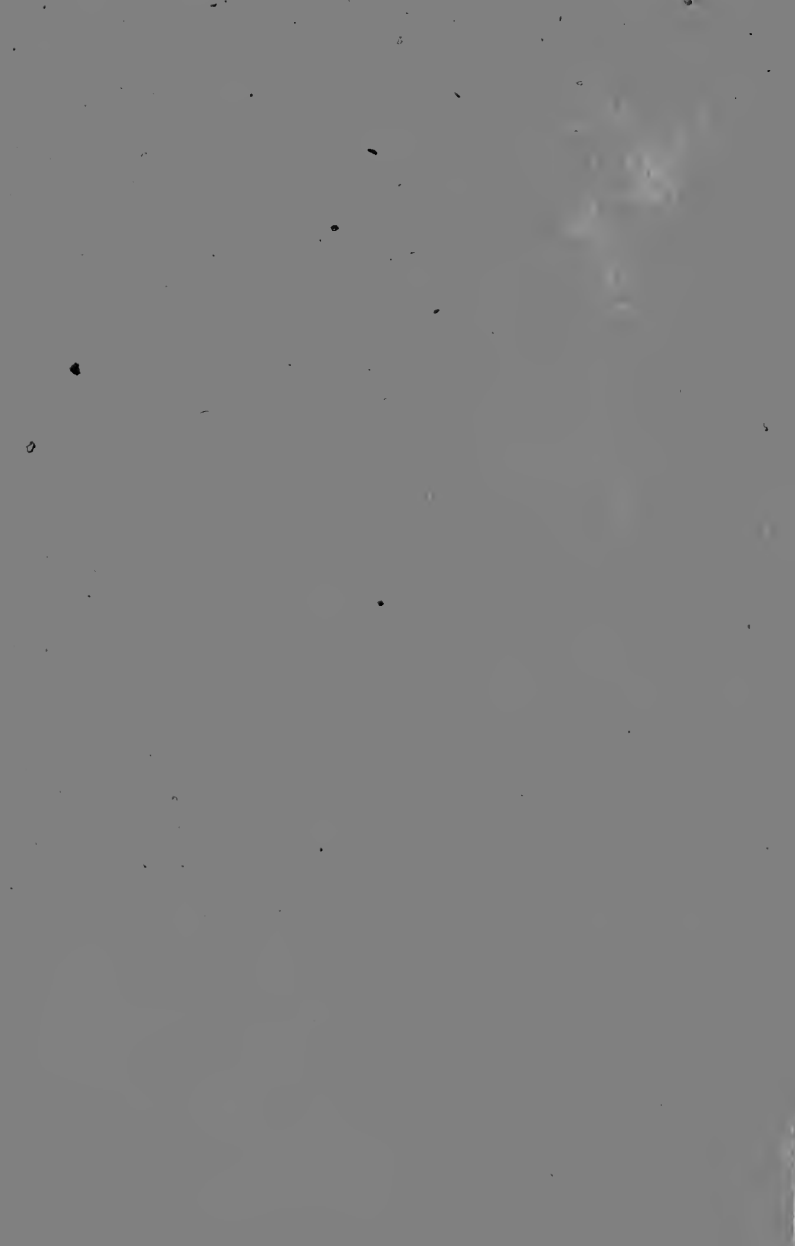
Let joy abound! Let praises ring!
Let every heart arise!
Let every knee bow to Him
Who dwells beyond the skies!

We thank Thee, Lord, for mercies shown
To all the sons of earth.
Be guidance, Lord, forevermore,
To Nations in rebirth.

Be Strength, O Lord, to weakened hearts,
And may the sacrifice
That we have made on battle fields,
Be Freedom's glorious price.









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